

TRY AGAIN:

1507/666
A F A R G E.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN THE

H A Y - M A R K E T.

Anche io so menar l'ocche a bere, quando poive.

D U B L I N,

PRINTED BY GEORGE PERRIN,

FOR MESSRS. MOORE, JONES, BYRNE, DRAPER, BURNETT,
HALPEN, R. WHITE, MARCHEBANK, AND PARKER.

M,DCC,XC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DU-CHESNE	Mr. AICKIN,
SIDNEY	Mr. RYDER,
LA-FOURBE	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
ANTOINE	Mr. BURTON,
PICARD	Mr. BARRET,
POSTILLIONS	Mess. ABBOT and LEDGER,
POSTMAN	Mr. LYONS.
ROSALIE	Mrs. BROOKES,
LAURETTA	Mrs. TAYLOR,
MARINETTE	Mrs. EDWARDS.

SCENE PARIS.



ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOEVER will be at the trouble of perusing *Les Précautions Inutiles*, in the Théâtre Italien of Gherardi, will be enabled to determine what are the debts of the following trifle to that piece, and what degree of claim it has to originality.

TRY AGAIN:

A F A R C E.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Mr. Du-chefne's House,*

Enter ROSALIE, LAURETTA following.

Lau. **Y**ES, terrible as the idea is, I believe I shall prefer a convent to your brother, my dear.

Rosa. I believe you will not, my dear.—My brother has chiefly resided in his native province, has been several times in Spain, and is lately come to Paris, the intrigues of which have been most tremendously described to him.—His head is whimsical, but his heart is good.

Lau. You have almost as much reason to fear his jealous caprices as I have.

Rosa. More—The excellence of your principles, and propriety of your conduct when married, will soon cure him of suspicion; but I am in instantaneous danger: he insists on my immediate marriage with that ridiculous Spanish Doctor, Don Decrepito.

Lau. And you are in love with this Englishman, the generous Sidney.

A

Rosa.

Rosa. Hush! Not so much as a whisper.

Lau. Why so? The Englishman is even a better match.

Enter DU-CHESNE.

Du-ch. Who? What Englishman?—Who is a better match?

Rosa. The—The—Pshaw—What is the title of that—my Lor Anglois, my dear?

Lau. Lackland.—

Rosa. True—my Lord Lackland would be a better match for Mademoiselle—

Du ch. My Lord and Mademoiselle—Subterfuge! Pretext.

Rosa. My good brother—

Du-ch. Intrigues!—You are breathing the licentious air of Paris—the seat of falsehood, art and libertinism.

Lau. (to DU-CH.) Do you know, sir; I think you have taken very strange fancies.

Du-ch. Blame the place, blame the people, Madam.

Lau. Why then did you come here?

Du-ch. To meet my friend, marry my sister, and get married myself.

Lau. With my consent, Sir.

Du-ch. That you had kindly granted, Madam.

Lau. You rely, perhaps, on the commands of my family; but those would be ineffectual, I assure you, Sir, if I did not persuade myself your present humour would be of short duration.

Du-ch. I was generous enough, Madam, to rely on yourself.

Rosa. And why not rely on me too, brother?

Du-ch. I have my reasons. — Every man in Paris is by profession a lover.

Rosa. Yes, it is really a charming place.

Du-ch.



Du-ch. It shall be my care, however, that none of them shall enter this house.

Lau. It will be your care, I'm afraid, to make yourself their jest. Virtue, Sir, is a better security than prisons.

Du-ch. (Aside.) I will have both securities.

Lau. In the space of four and twenty hours many strange things happen in this great town.

Du-ch. To the credulous and unwary I grant, but not to the prudent and wise.—I will therefore instantly take every precaution. Antoine! Picard! *[Exit.]*

Lau. This good jealous brother of yours is really to be pitied.

Rosa. Trick'd, thou meanest.

Lau. I wish it with all my heart.

Rosa. We will cure him, I hope, girl.

Enter PICARD.

Rosa. Now, Picard; whither in such haste?

Pic. Must not tell, Madam.—*(Going, turns back at seeing Rosalie take out her purse.)*

Rosa. Yes, you may.—*(Gives him a crown piece.)*

Pic. Lord, Madam, you have such winning ways—I am going for the *Smith* and *Mason*—hush!—

Lau. So, so!

Rosa. Let me know when they come.

Pic. Must not, Madam.

Rosa. Pho! I tell you once more you may.

(Gives him another crown piece.)

Pic. Lord, Madam, you have such convincing reasons. *[Exit.]*

Lau. Why do you wish to know?

Rosa. Because I should not wonder if my enamoured Englishman, and his crafty valet, *La-fourbe*, were themselves to personate this *Smith*.

and Mason ; I will watch for them through the window.

Lau. Ay, indeed! How can they gain intelligence?

Ros. You see the mercenary temper of Parisian servants, and know their unconquerable propensity to tattle and intrigue.

Lau. Yes, and your brother knows it too.

Ros. Sidney has planted his emissaries, by whose aid he gains intelligence, not only from my maid Marinette, whenever she can find an opportunity, but from this Picard, and his fellow-servant, Antoine, of every thing that passes.

Lau. That I may aid you more effectually, you must instruct me how I may become acquainted with your lover.

Ros. I will find some means of sending him to you.

Lau. I think you had better not ; I shall perhaps prefer him to this jealous brother of yours.

Rosa. I do not fear you, girl—I flatter myself, he sincerely loves me. Besides, he is an Englishman, and piques himself on his fidelity.

Lau. Then he has not been long at Paris. However rich in money, and sincerity, your prodigal Englishmen may come to this city, they generally return bankrupts in both. [Exit.

Enter DU-CHESNE.

Du-ch. Where does this fellow stay?

Enter PICARD. (*Speaks aside to his master, but loud enough for Rosalie to hear.*)

Pic. The Smith and Mason are waiting at the street-door. May they come in, Sir?

Du-ch. Hush! No, blockhead! Hav'n't I told you no man must enter the house under any pretence

tence whatever?—Fetch my keys!—Stay—I will go myself. *[Exit.]*

Pic. Fine doings, Madam!—My master has placed Antoine at the door, with a doubled-loaded, double-barrell'd musquet on his shoulder, to shoot any man that wants to come in—but hush!

(Exit.)

Enter DU-CHESNE.

Du-ch. I very well perceive, Rosalie, you think my conduct strange.

Ros. Lord, brother, how is that possible? I am delighted with your bolts, bars, bullets, centinels, spring-guns, and man-traps.

Du-ch. I wish you were delighted with your future husband.

Rosa. What, my dear Doctor Décrepito?—Oh! the charming Adonis—His nine hairs on each side his bald pate, so bepowdered; his fallow face, grisly beard, and bristly eyebrows, are all so bewitching! So gallant too in his dress! Disdaining flannels, and shivering in summer silks. — Such easy elegance of carriage, his gait so upright, his manners so polished, and his language so eloquent. Oh! the delightful creature!

Du-ch. Suffer me to tell you, sister——

Ros. Oh yes—a prodigy of wisdom, as is evident in his determination to take unto himself a wife, and in selecting me, happy woman, to be the partner of his joys.

Du-ch. Look ye, Rosalia; I shall not waste time in reasoning; I have given my promise, and am determined. *[Exit.]*

Rosa. No, brother, I am determined, and will lose no time either. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E I I.

Outside of DU-CHESNE'S House.

SIDNEY and LA-FOURBE *disguised as a Smith and a Mason.* ROSALIE, *at the window*; and ANTOINE, *with a Musket on his Shoulder, standing Centinel at the Door.*

Rosa. I must be gone; my brother is coming; but take that direction to my friend Lauretta, and consult what is best to be done. (*Putting down the sash.*)

Sid. One moment, my angel!

Enter DU-CHESNE (from the House.)

Du-ch. Who are you, friend?—What do you want there?

Sid. Want, Sir?—I, Sir—I—I—I am the smith, Sir.

La-fo. And I the mason, at your service, Sir.

Du-ch. Oh!—But why were your eyes fixed on that window?

Sid. Why, Sir?

Du-ch. Ay—Why?

La-fo. Lord, Sir, my master—that is, my neighbour, here, knows there are a great many cheats, impostors, and house-breakers, in this town—some steal your goods, some your money, some your wives, some your daughters.

Du-ch. Very true, friend; 'tis a damn'd wicked town, and my stay in it shall be short.

La-fo. What then, sir, you are a stranger? Ah! 'tis a wicked town indeed; if you did but know all its tricks.

Sid. Yes, sir, I was meditating within myself whether it might not be possible for one of these tricking fellows to get in at that window.

Du-ch.

Du-ch. To prevent which, friend, I have sent for you.

La-fo. You did right, sir—My master's your man.

Du-ch. Your master !

La-fo. Yes, sir, yes ; I call him my master, 'tis a way I've got—he's such a master of his business.—He's as honest a fellow as any in Paris.

(*Clapping Sidney on the shoulder.*)

Du-ch. (*to Sidney.*) Have you any ready made iron bars ?

Sid. No.

Du-ch. None ?

Sid. No.

Du-ch. Have you any strong wire-net work ?

Sid. No.

La-fo. What, sir, you have some bird, I suppose, which you are afraid should fly away ? (*Significantly.*)

Du-ch. Why look you, my honest friends, I'll be sincere with you : (*to La-Fourbe*) I have an unmarried sister.

Sid. Have you, sir ? I warrant then that is her window ? (*Looking up.*)

Du-ch. It is, and I have sent for you to fasten it up ; and for you (*to La-Fourbe*) to wall up the garden gate.

La-Fo. Sir, I'm your very humble servant ; but I have not the least inclination to be hang'd in your service.

Du-ch. Hang'd !

La-fo. 'Tis a sign you are a stranger, sir—Why, sir, it was but last week there was a placard posted on every wall, by which it is death to nail up windows, or wall up doors, for the purpose of imprisoning wives, sisters or daughters.

Du-ch. Surely, friend !

Sid.

Sid. 'Tis very true, Sir.

Du-ch. I never saw any such placard.

La-fo. That may be, Sir.—But hark ye—this way—by the same edict, if we do not inform against you, for making this proposal, we may both be sent to the *Gallies*.

Du-ch. Zounds ! I never heard of so strange an edict !

La-fo. Ah, Sir ! strange indeed ! But you are a stranger in Paris.—You see that fellow ?

Du-ch. Well, what of him ?

La-fo. I know him ; I speak him fair, because he's a forry knave.

Du-ch. Aye, indeed ! You speak him fair because he's a forry knave ?

La-fo. Oh ! yes ! I don't mind affronting an honest fellow, but I always speak fair to a knave,—Take my advice ; give him a louis, or two, hush money.

Du-ch. Why—but——

La-fo. Justice is very secret—and very sudden here—Tried and executed before you can well say your prayers.

Du-ch. (*aside.*) The fellow may be a forry lying knave himself ; however, it is better to make sure—Well, well, friend, I don't mind a louis. (*offers money to Sidney*) Here.

Sid. Sir !

La-fo. (*winking.*) Hush money. Nay, don't pretend to be bashful, neighbour ; take it, take it.

Sid. (*aside.*) Rascal !

Du-ch. Don't you think a louis-d'or, enough, friend ?

Sid. Oh yes ; quite enough.

Du-ch. Well, you'll be honest. (*giving the money.*) (*La-fourbe puts his hand between and receives it.*)

Du-ch. I'm in no danger, am I ?

Sid.

Sid. None in the world, Sir.

La-fo. None in the world, Sir, from my neighbour, here—but——

Du-ch. But what?

La-fo. (*following Du-chefne.*) Why, sir, as two of us were privy to the fact——

Du-ch. Well—What then, friend?

La-fo. Tho' I have a very good opinion of myself—I dare not be answerable for too much. Man is frail; I might forget how generous you had been to my neighbour, here—not having any thing to remember you by myself.

Du-ch. I think, friend, you told me there were plenty of cheats, and rogues, in this Town.

La-fo. I did, Sir: they are very plentiful: beware of them—take *every* precaution.

Du-ch. And give you a louis likewise?

La-fo. If you please, Sir.

Du-ch. (*giving money.*) At this rate I shall have cause to remember Paris.

La-fo. Oh! that you will, Sir.

Du-ch. Well, Sir, now be honest, if you can.

(*Exit.*)

La-fo. Never fear; the family of the La-fourbes is famous for its honesty.

Sid. How dare you, firrah—

La-fo. Don't be in a passion, Sir.

Sid. Are not you afraid of broken bones?

La-fo. Not in the least, Sir—You Englishmen threaten, but take care not to beat your servants.

Sid. And how so, firrah?

La-fo. Because, in your sulky land of liberty, if you beat them, they are apt to run restive, face about, and beat you; though egad they are beginning to do that here, in Paris.

Sid. But we turn impertinent fellows away, Sir.

La-fo. Of that, Sir, I am in no fear.

Sid.

Sid. Why not ?

La-fo. Oh Lord, Sir, you want my assistance.

Sid. If you are so very eager after money, you might have trusted me.

La-fo. A bird in the hand——

Sid. Do you doubt my generosity ?

La-fo. Oh dear, no, Sir, I am happy in giving you every opportunity to shew it. (*Holding out his hand.*)

Sid. Come, come, Sir, to business. Have you procured the pedlar's parcel for me, and the Scotch disguise ?

La-fo. La Rufe is waiting with it, at yonder cabaret, Sir.

Sid. You must be very loud, you, and your dozen Savoyards, and threaten me with destruction, death, and murder.

La-fo. Never fear, Sir—We understand threatening.

Sid. Away! Hear comes the brother again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DU-CHESNE, from the House.

Du-ch. What! have these fellows been lurking here all this while ?

Ant. Yes, Sir ; they are about no good.

Du-ch. How so ? What did they say ?

Ant. I cannot tell, Sir. You know I am not to stir from my post—but I heard them talk of blood, and gunpowder, death and destruction; and 'tis my belief they are going to come to blow up the house, and murder I.

Du-ch. Cowardly booby !

Ant. Nay, I am certain I heard them talk of either a hundred, or a hundred thousand, Savoyards ?

Du-ch. Keep your post, poltroon, and let no man enter at your peril.

Ant.

Ant. Lord, Sir, though I have a double barrel gun; what can poor I do against a hundred thousand Savoyards?

Du-ch. Mind my orders, or beware—I believe they were two lying, designing villains; but this city swarms with such—I must look to my sister. If any of them get her from this house, till she is the wife of my friend, the doctor, they shall be crafty indeed.

(Goes into the House.)

S C E N E III.

A Room in DU-CHESNE'S House.

ROSALIE and DU-CHESNE meeting.

Ros. (laughing) Well, brother, are all your locks and bars in readiness?

Du-ch. What locks? What bars, sister?

Rosa. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think you can make yourself the jest of every servant in the house, and keep it a secret?

Du-ch. Well, let it serve at least to convince you of my affection, Rosalie, since I submit to be the jest of my very servants to secure your happiness.

Rosa. My good brother, I love you dearly for your kindness; but really now you are the very worst judge in the whole world of the sort of man I should like for a husband.

Du-ch. But not of him you ought to like—
(The report of a gun is heard.) Hey dey! *(Another report heard.)*

Rosa. Mercy!

Enter ANTOINE.

Ant. Oh Lord, Sir! here they are!—Here they are!

Du-ch. Who are?—What are?

Ant.

Ant. The Savoyards ! The hundred thousand ! Every man of them ! With murder, fire, sword, and slaughter !

Rosa. Have they broken into the house ?

Ant. O yes.—They burst upon me ; ravish'd my gun ; and fired at me through the key-hole, and I do believe I'm a dead man.

Du-ch. Idiot !

Ant. I feel the bullets in my back.

Enter SIDNEY, *disguised in a Scotch plaid with a pack.*

Du-ch. How now, Sir ! who are you ?

Sid. (*panting.*) Let me tack breeth—Let me tack breeth, gude Sir, and ize tal ye.

Ant. O poor man, he's murder'd too ! I saw them fall on him, back, belly, head, and ribs, without mercy ! (*Exit.*)

Sid. Yas—it was the gude Providence protected me !

Du-ch. Who are you, Sir ?

Sid. A poor Scot mairchant by the rabble caw'd a paidlar. I was peaceably exhebiting my commodetees, and the ragamuffins, whilhai tak'n it intul their waife heeds that the Ainglish manufactories and commarcial treaty ha' ruin'd the French Trade, sal upon me, an had I not providantially flicht intul yeer house, Sir, I had been as dead by this as John Knox, or Julius Cæsar.

(*Sidney discovers himself to Rosalie.*)

Rosa. Poor man ! And what have you got to tell ?

Sid. I hai a few muslins, calicoes, Manchesters, and some of the varra best London hore. An ye want to buy, young lady, or ye, Sir, Ize fall ye a painny worth for your painny, in gratitude for the protection your hospitable hooie has afforded me.

Du-ch.

Du-ch. Well, good man, I'm glad you are in safety!—And so that was the cause of the riot without?

Sid. By my gude troth, Sir, was it—Here, Sir, are some saifron colour'd hose; yee shall ha' them a bargain.

Du-ch. Saffron colour'd! Very a-propos for a wedding.

Sid. Oh varra! varra!

Du-ch. How much a pair?

Sid. Ize sal them ye at ten livres. An ye wul ha the gudenefs, maidam, to examine my bill of laiding, ye wul find they cost every bawbee of the money.

Du-ch. I think they are cheap.

Sid. Yas, yeer craidulous Anglish hai glutted the market—it is but ask and ha; and if foreign nations will but be so gude as to acksapt their commodities, they wul gie cradit to the four quarters of the globe.

Du-ch. Ten livres!—let me examine your bill.

Sid. Nay, Sir, ye need nae do that.

Rosa. (*takes it.*) No, no; its such a scrawl, nobody can make any thing of it.

Du-ch. Pooh! let me see it. (*Takes the bill.*) An odd scrawl, indeed.

Sid. (*aside to Rosalie.*) I am discover'd—An answer for the love of mercy—La-fourbe will be here within a quarter of an hour, disguis'd as a man-milliner.—(*Steals away.*)

Ros. Enough! Enough!—(*Exit.*)

Du-ch. (*Reads*) “Seven dozen of the best china at eight and four pence.” “How, madam, shall I express”—Hey day! What is the meaning of this? “How, madam, shall I express the impatience——five dozen of patent silk, at eleven and nine-pence——Express the impatience,”

“ence, the ardour of—*£35: 5: 1,*”—Express !
 Oh ho ! I perceive—(*Begins again*)—“How, ma-
 dam, shall I express the impatience, the ardour
 of my passion ! How paint the fears, the tor-
 ments, I suffer !—There is no expedient, no en-
 terprise, I will not undertake, to deliver you from
 a foolish rival, and a tyrannical brother.”—
 Where are they ? Hey ? Zounds !—Picard ! An-
 toine ! Marinette ! She’s gone ! I’ve lost her ! ’Tis
 all over !—Picard ! Marinette !

Enter MARINETTE.

Mar. Lord, Sir, are you mad ? What’s the matter ?

Du-ch. Where is your mistress ? Where is my sister ?

Mar. In her own room, Sir. Where should she be ?

Du-ch. Are you sure she is there ?

Mar. Nay, if you won’t believe *me*—

Du-ch. I may go and see myself—and so I will.

Enter ROSALIE.

Rosa. What is the matter, brother ?

Du-ch. Thank Heaven, she is safe !

Rosa. Did you want me ?

Du-ch. Yes.

Rosa. For what ?

Du-ch. To inform you, that for reasons which you can very easily imagine, I am determined this marriage shall be concluded with all haste—Perhaps to-night.

Enter PICARD.

Pic. The man-milliner is below, Madam.

Du-ch. Man-milliner ! No man-milliner shall enter these doors.

Rosa. Then I can’t be married to-night.

Du-ch.

Du-ch. Well, bid him come up—I'll watch him. This is another of the libertine customs of this abominable place! Men-milliners to wait on women, and women-milliners for men. But he shall be cunning if he gives any more bills of lading for the young lady to read.

Enter LA-FOURBE as a Man-milliner, with a Cap in a Bandbox.

La-fo. Him! I wait your commands, Maim! from Madame du Chiffonier. Him!

Rosa. Have you brought my cap?

La-fo. Him! Yes, maim! Him!—One of the very newest fashions, à l'espiègle, Maim—Him!

Rosa. Let me try it.

La-fo. Yes, Maim—Him!

(*Rosalie goes to the glass, and while pretending to try on the cap, pins a paper in the crown.*)

La-fo. (*to Du-chefne.*) Madame du Chiffonier, Sir, is the very first milliner in the world.—Him!—She sends a dress-doll to London once a week, and another to Russia by every courier—Him!

Du-ch. That is—she is milliner to fools, fribbles, and bears.

(*Rosa.* (*at the glass.*) This cap does not quite please me; take it back to your mistress; tell her the crown is not large enough. You understand me? The crown—

La-fo. Oh, yes, Maim!—Him!—(*Puts it into the bandbox, and is going.*)

Du-ch. Hark ye, Sir.

La-fo. Sir!—Him!

Du-ch. Come back, Sir.—I am certain you have neither given nor received letter, billet, nor bill of lading; for I have had my eye upon your hands all the while.

La-fo. Him!—Very true, Sir.—So, if you please, I will go about my business—Him!

Du-ch. Not so fast—I must first examine your band-box.

La-fo. My bandbox!

Rosa. You are very curious, brother!

Du-ch. Yes, I have a curious sister. (*Takes the cap out, and turns the bandbox upside-down.*) Nothing there.

La-fo. Nothing in the world, sir.—Him!

Du-ch. Is there no false bottom?—(*Opens the box and flicks a pen-knife through the bottom.*) No—but now for the cap. (*Examines the cap.*) Ha! by the furies! Yes!—Here! Here it is! I feel it!

La-fo. Oh my cape!

Du-ch. Damn your cap!—Picard!—Sciffars!

La-fo. Oh my cape!

Du-ch. Sciffars! Sciffars!

Enter PICARD, with sciffars, and Exit.

La-fo. I am ruin'd! Oh my cape!

Du-ch. (*Cuts away the crown, and takes out the paper.*) Aye, aye! Miserable man! Deceitful woman! Damn'd city—Now for the contents.—(*Reads.*) “Put it to the fire.”—Why, what is the meaning of this?

La-fo. Oh my cape!

Du-ch. (*Reads again.*) “Put it to the fire!”

Rosa. The meaning, brother, is, that you are a very strange man, and, I am afraid, not in your proper senses.

Du-ch. What is this paper?

Rosa. That paper, sir, is nothing more than a support to the crown of the cap.

La-fo. Yes Sir, that's all. Oh my cape! I'm ruin'd! my character is gone!

Du-ch. I am afraid I have been too hasty. [*aside.*]

Rosa. Your jealousy, brother, will become proverbial; and I can assure you, if my friend Lauretta comes to the knowledge of these strange proceedings,

ceedings, you will have lost your mistress, as well as have your sister wretched.

Du-ch. But the bill of lading.

Rosa. And what of the bill of lading?

Du-ch. Was it not a love-letter?

Rosa. How can I tell, Sir? Did not I return it to you, because it was such a scrawl I could not read it?

Du-ch. Was it not addressed to you?

Rosa. If it even were, am I to be accountable for all the love-letters people shall please to write?

Du-ch. But the fellow in disguise?

Rosa. Sir, I am as unable to prevent the arts as the jealousy of men.

Du-ch. (*to himself.*) I doubt I have been too suspicious. It may be as she says. I just now thought too she had eloped—but I was mistaken.

La-fo. Oh my cape!

Du-ch. Take your cap, friend.

La-fo. 'Tis spoil'd—and I'm undone!

Du-ch. Pshaw! Charge it to my sister's bill.

La-fo. I would rather have riddy money, if you please, Sir—Him!

Du-ch. Well,—how much?

La-fo. Two louis d'ors, Sir—Him!

Du-ch. Two louis d'ors!

La-fo. Paris, Sir, had not so fashionable a cape—the newest mode; à l'espiègle—Him!

Du-ch. There—there.

Rosa. Make up another, and bring it.

La-fo. Yes, maim—Him!

Rosa. Observe the directions I have given you; perhaps my kind brother will not call for the scissars to cut the next to pieces.

(*Exeunt Rosalie and Duchesne.*)

La-fo. Yes, maim!—Oh my cape!—Him! [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B 3

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Room in LAURETTA's House.*

SIDNEY and LA-FOURBE *entering.*

Sid. “**P**UT it to the fire!”—This is the strangest enigma.

La-fo. Very odd indeed, sir: the young lady made signs as if drying her handkerchief.

Sid. Ha! I suspect! (*going.*)

Enter LAURETTA.

Lau. I have discover'd the riddle, and Rosalie is a girl of wit.

Sid. A miracle both of wit and beauty—she has written in lemon juice!—Has she not?

Lau. Yes, she has.

Sid. And what does she say?

Lau. You'll be vain if I read.

Sid. Nay, pardon my impatience!

Lau. Well, well, (*Reads.*) “Sir, I will be frank enough to my own I prefer a liberal minded Englishman to a silly covetous Spaniard—

Sid. Kind, charming Rosalie!

Lau. (*reads*) “My friend, Lauretta, has an Irish relation for whose brother you might pass—

Sid. The luckiest thought in the world!

Lau. (*Reads on.*) “But you must again condescend to assume some disguise. If ever I am yours, I will endeavour, by the sincerity of my affection, to reward the zeal and love you testify. *Rosalie.*”

Sid. (*snatching the letter and kissing it.*) Divine creature!

Lau. She is indeed a delightful girl, and you must not lose her.

Sid.

Sid. First lose my life !

Lau. Can you speak the brogue ?

Sid. Tolerably.

Lau. The brother of this Irish gentleman, whom our jealous guardian has never seen, is in the Spanish service. But come, follow me, I will instruct you in particulars while you are preparing the disguise. *(Exit.)*

Sid. I am all impatience, and must not waste a moment.—Here, Sir *(To La fourbe.)* Go with your band-box again, and convey this picture to Rosalie.

La-fo. That is no such easy matter, Sir.

Sid. I know, firrah, you love to enhance difficulties ; but succeed and I'll give you five louis.

(Exit.)

La-fo. Then Sir, never—fear !—Oh ! if every handsome woman in Paris had but a jealous brother, what happy times would it be for us men of genius !

(Exit.)

SCENE II. *A Room in Du-chesne's House.*

ROSALIE and DU-CHESNE, followed by PICARD.

Du-ch. Is the doctor return'd ?

Pic. No, Sir.

Du-ch. Has any body been to the notary ?

Pic. Yes, Sir.

Du-ch. Has the door been well guarded ?

Pic. Antoine has never had his hand off the latch, Sir.—He wants to know if the man milliner may come in again.

Du-ch. Yes, yes.

Rosa. Our good brother's suspicions seem a little lull'd, for the present.

Enter LA-FOURBE.

La-fo. Sir, your very humble—Maim, your most obedient—Him !

Rosa.

Rosa. Have you brought me another cap?

La-fø. Yes, maim.—(*Gives it to her with his right hand, and puts his left hand behind his back, from which she receives Sidney's picture.*)

Rosa. Yes,—this I believe will do.

La-fø. Madame du Chiffonier, Sir, is a prodigy of genius, and has *perdigious* invention in the fine airts—Him!

ROSALIE (*Examines the Portrait, and perceiving she is seen by her brother, comes forward to La-fourbe with pretended anger.*)

Rosa. Ha! he certainly saw me; I have but this resource. (*aside.*) What have you brought me here, Sir?

La-fø. Maim!

Rosa. How dare you, Sir, have the insolence to convey the picture of a man to me clandestinely?

La-fø. Maim!

Du-ch. How!

Rosa. Look here, Sir, the picture of some young gentleman, which this man has convey'd, along with the cap.

Du-ch. And of a devilish handsome fellow too! —It is the portrait of the Englishman whom I have met in all public places, wherever I went, since I came to Paris.

Rosa. Yes, I think I remark'd some such person. As you say, brother, he's a very agreeable man.

Du-ch. How dare you Mr. Man-milliner?

La-fø. Sir, as I hope for salvation!—Sir!—Maim!

Rosa. (*Significantly.*) Oh, you may be sure, Sir, he'll deny having brought it.

La-fø. (*Taking the hint.*) To be sure I do.

Rosa. I told you so, Sir. (*Takes back the picture from her brother, and exchanges one in a similar box, unperceived by him.*) Here, Sir; take this to the person

person who sent it, and tell him I am glad of an opportunity of shewing him what my real thoughts are, by thus returning this picture.

La-fo. (*aside*) Oh my five louis!—Lord, maim!

Du-ch. Silence, Sir.—Sister, you have won my heart. Promise me you will consent to be married when every thing is prepared, and I will call Antoine from the door, rely on your word, and ask your pardon for what is past.

Rosa. That, brother, I very freely promise.

Du-ch. Antoine! Picard!

Enter ANTOINE and PICARD.

Leave the door. Let free egress and regress be given, and every body be admitted who has any business with my sister.

Ant. and Pic. Oh! Yes, Sir—Rare news—

(*Exeunt Du-chefne and Servants.*)

La-fo. (*offers to return the picture to Rosalie.*) Well, really, Madam, this is a most excellent contrivance, and the five louis are my own!

Rosa. What do you mean, Sir?

La-fo. Nay, Madam, he's out of hearing, I assure you.

Rosa. Pray be gone, friend, and do as I desired you.

La-fo. Nay, this is carrying the jest too far, Madam.

Rosa. You will find it no jest, Sir, if I call the servants.

La-fo. Upon my soul, this is—I—I—don't know what!—Will you not receive the picture, Madam?

Rosa. No, Sir; and I once again desire you to take it, and deliver the message exactly as you receiv'd it—and moreover desire your master, when he sends again, to send by a more intelligent messenger.

La-fo.

La-fo. Lord, Madam, more intelligent! More intelligent!—Oh, I—Look ye, Madam, take the picture, and we'll share the profits.

Rosa. If you are not gone instantly, Sir—

La-fo. Well, this is another riddle, which I once again want the wit to explain—Oh my five louis! *(Exit.)*

Rosa. *(laughing.)* Poor La-fourbe—Now let me examine my prize. How excellent the painting! Yet how inferior to the original! *(putting the portrait on the table.)* Why did I forget to enquire whether my Sidney meant to come in disguise? How stupid! I am afraid this La-fourbe is gone. *(Exit hastily.)*

SCENE III. *A Room in Lauretta's House.*

SIDNEY and LAURETTA.

Sid. Every thing is prepared, and I am now impatient for the return of La-fourbe. I hope the lovely Rosalie received my picture kindly.

Lau. Oh, never fear—Here comes your messenger.

Enter LA-FOURBE.

Sid. Now, La-fourbe!

La-fo. *(Sobbing.)* Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Lau. What's the matter? Is your father dead?

La-fo. *(Sobbing.)* No—o, madam! *(wiping his eyes.)*

Lau. Your brother. perhaps?

La-fo. No—madam!—

Sid. Have you lost my portrait, rascal?

La-fo. No—o—, Sir.

Sid. Did you go where I bid you?

La-fo. Yes, Sir—*(Very piteously.)*

Sid. Did you gain admittance?

La-fo. Yes, Sir.

Sid

Sid. Did you see Rosalie?

La-fo. Yes, Sir.

Sid. Did you give her my picture?

La-fo. Yes, Sir.

Sid. Did she seem pleased?

La-fo. Yes, Sir.

Sid. And what did she say?

La-fo. (Sobbing.) Threa—a—a—eatened to have me toss—tossed out of the window, Sir.

Lau. That's very unlike Rosalie.

La-fo. I'm sure I said all the good I could think of concerning you, Sir. I assured her you was the most generous man on earth; that you never scolded your servants; paid them their wages before they were due; never enquired where they went, when they return'd, what they said, or what they did; and that you was the best master in the world—I told above a hundred lies in your service!

Sid. Did she accept my picture?

La-fo. Yes, Sir.

Sid. Well.

La-fo. And then—shew'd it to her brother!

Sid. How!

La-fo. True, Sir, as I'm an honest man!—Flew into a rage; returned it with contempt; and threatened me with a horsepond for having had the insolence to bring it!

Lau. Impossible!

La-fo. "Take it, said she, to the person who sent it, and tell him, I am glad of an opportunity of shewing him what my real thoughts are, by thus returning this picture." (*Holding up the Picture.*) I pleaded with the tongues of five lawyers—Nay generously offer'd to share the profits.

Sid. Scoundrel!

La-fo. But here, Sir—(*offering the picture back.*) This lady is my witness, I return it safe into your own hands.

Sid.

Sid. (throwing away the picture.) How dare you give me back the picture that had the misfortune to displease the woman I so ardently adore?

Lau. (takes it up, examines it and laughs.) Well said, Rosalie! Come, come; don't be inconsolable. Look!

Sid. (enraptured.) What do I see? The very beauteous image of herself!

Lau. Yes, she has received your picture, and returned her own.

La-fø. Oh! the confounded, cunning—!

Sid. Silence, blockhead!

La-fø. Well, but, Sir, they are mine.

Sid. What? (*contemplating the picture.*)

La-fø. The five louis!

Sid. Ay, ay, and as many more for this lovely enchanting gift!

La-fø. As many more!—I'm a made man!—A more intelligent messenger! Yes, I'm obliged to confess, even *I* am a fool to her!

Lau. (to Sidney.) Come, come, you must forget your raptures. [Exit.

Sid. Oh, never!—*La-fourbe*—Come and help me to dress, sirrah? [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Room in Du-chesne's House.*

Rosalie and Marinette. (Rosalie searching.)

Mar. I tell you, Ma'am, you left the picture on your table, that your brother has found it, and that he is running up and down the house like a madman.

Rosa. How could I be so careless?

Mar. You had best keep out of his way.

Ros. No, my brother has no cruelty in his nature.

Mar. Leave your lover's picture upon your dressing table!—A girl of thirteen would not have been so thoughtless.

Du-ch.

Du-ch. (*without.*) Rosalie !

Mar. He's coming !

Rosa. Take no notice, but observe the hints I shall give you.

Du-ch. (*without*) Rosalie !—(*Enters.*)

Rosa. Here I am, brother.—I tell you, your crying and pleading are all in vain. (*Marinette pretends to sob.*) You shall not stay a day longer in my service !—let me instantly know what your wages are.

Du-ch. What is this ?

Rosa. Why don't you do as I bid you ?

Mar. Pr-a-a—pray, ma'am, forgive me !

Du-ch. What is the girl to be turned away for ?

Rosa. Nay, surely, brother, that is no concern of yours.

Du-ch. I insist upon knowing, I suppose she is too honest for your service !

Mar. Ye—s, Sir—

Rosa. I wish I could suppose so too, brother—but hear and judge. Just after you left me, I sent this girl (to whom I have been but too good) for some gold fringe for my new riding habit ; and presently back again she comes (for once making haste of an errand,) bringing me the very picture that was conveyed to me before in your presence.

Du-ch. How ! How !

Rosa. This you may well think excited my anger. I reprov'd her very sharply. She was impertinent, and I left the room, ordering her to go instantly and return the picture to the person from whom she had it, and now, on enquiring, she has the insolence to affirm that it is lost, that she left it on this table, went out for a moment, and when she came back could not find it.

Du-ch. Gold fringe for a riding habit ?

Mar. Yes, Sir, gold fringe—(*Curtsying and weeping.*)

C

Du-ch.

Du-ch. Left it on the table ?

Rosa. Yes, brother ; (*Pointing*) thereabout.

Du-ch. Aye !—Thereabout !—How do you know where she left it ?

Rosa. How ! Why—she, she told me, to be sure.

Mar. Yes, Sir, I describ'd the very spot.

Du-ch. Well, but you are convinc'd she did not leave it, *thereabout*, for you are going to turn her away.

Rosa. True—yes—I am convinc'd she did not.

Du-ch. And are you not also convinc'd—you left it *thereabout* yourself ?

Rosa. Brother !

Du-ch. Aye, and sister !

Rosa. Make yourself easy, Marinette ; I shall not turn you away.

Du-ch. Ha !

Mar. Thank you, ma'am ! Thank you kindly, ma'am.

Rosa. I very well perceive you are not to blame.

Mar. No indeed, ma'am, I am not to blame.

Rosa. My brother has the picture himself.

Du-ch. How do you know that ?

Rosa. Oh, sir, your jealous manner of questioning betrays you.

Du-ch. Now could not the Devil himself unravel this mystery. (*Taking hold of Marinette.*) But pray, how did you come by this picture ?

Mar. I—I—

Du-ch. Hold ! I'll question you separately.

Rosa. (*Significantly.*) She found it.

Du-ch. My very ready sister, be kind enough to walk into the next room for a few moments.

Rosa. Oh ! with all my heart, Sir.—(*Exit Rosa*)

Du-ch. Well, now—

Mar. Yes, Sir, I found it.

Du-ch. Aye, aye, you found it—But the circumstances ?—Where did you find it ?—How ?—

Mar.

Mar. Sir, I found it—I found it in the—in the street, Sir.

Du-ch. In the street, Sir !

Mar. Yes, Sir, in the street, Sir—I saw it in a hollow place, Sir.

Du-ch. In a hollow place, Sir !

Mar. Yes, Sir, in a hollow place, Sir—a kind of chink, Sir. —

Du-ch. Humph ! Whereabout ? What hollow place ? What chink ?

Mar. In the Rue St. Honoré,—just opposite a milliner's shop, Sir.

Du-ch. And this you affirm to be truth ?

Mar. Yes, indeed ; indeed, Sir.

Du-ch. And you will say the same if your mistress should be in a different story ?

Mar. Sir, I—Yes, Sir.

Du ch. Well, now go you out at that door.
(*Exit Marinette.*) And, sister, if you please——

Enter Rosalie (Opposite side.)

Rosa. O yes, brother, whatever you please.

Du-ch. Well, this box was found ?

Rosa. Yes.

Du-ch. And now pray be kind enough to tell me, *circumstantially*, how, and where, it was found.

Rosa. Yes—I will, brother—when I know.

Du-ch. (Angrily) Sister !

Rosa. And brother, (*firmly*) I begin to be weary of your suspicions—The girl told me she found it, and I being less inquisitive did not question her *circumstantially*—But even if I had invented the story, can you suppose me simple enough to betray myself in so palpable a manner ?—If you either love your sister, your honour, or your peace of mind, be more generous, and less jealous.

(*Du-chefne walks about in vexation.*)

Enter Picard, and delivers a Note.

Pic. The gentleman is waiting for an answer, Sir.

Du-ch. (*Reads*) "Captain O'Dogherty, of the
 "Walloons, presents his respects to Mr. Duchesne,
 "and would be glad of the honour of paying his"
 ————Captain O Dogherty! The brother of
 my best, my dearest friend! Shew him up instantly.
 (*Calling.*) Stop! What am I doing?—How do I
 know that this is the brother of my noble friend?
 —It may be a trick.—I'll order him out of the
 house—Yet, what rashness!—Should it really be
 his brother!—With how many cares am I distract-
 ed!—I begin to fear I have vainly undertaken an
 impossible task, that of encountering the wit of
 woman, and all the arts of this infernal town!—
 Shew me the gentleman.—(*Exeunt Du-chesne and
 Picard.*) *Enter Marinette.*

Mar. Your lover and his man, madam, are both
 below, in disguise. I have told them the whole
 story of the picture, and you have nothing to fear.
 —They are prepared.

Rosa. I'll reward your ingenuity. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E. *A Hall in DU-CHESNE'S House.*

Enter Sidney *dressed in the Walloon uniform, with
 whiskers, black patch across his Nose, &c. La-
 fourbe in an old Walloon regimental, and two
 postillions.*

Sid. There, you spalpeens! Drink that to the
 honour of the Grand Monarque; and that to the
 honour of his master.—Why! what do you stare
 at? I say his master.—(*Exeunt postillions.*)

Enter Du-chesne.

Du-ch. Where is Captain O'Dogherty?

Sid. Oh! and that am I, and very sinfarelly glad
 to see you, tho' —tho' I never saw you before.
 (*Shakes hands with Du-chesne.*)

Du ch. There is no man on earth I more sin-
 farelly respect than Sir Patrick O' Dogherty.

Sid. Sure I know that, agrah!—Here, Sir.—
 Here; he finds this by me. *Du-*

Du-chefne (*looking at the direction with suspicion.*)

Du-ch. You have made a mistake, Sir, I believe, and given me a wrong letter.

Sid. Indeed, my good frind, and I have not.

Du-ch. This is not the hand of Sir Patrick.

Sid. No, faith—I wish it was.

Du-ch. Sir?

Sid. Raid, Sir, raid.

Du-ch. (*Reads*) “Dear Sir”—Dear Sir! Sir Patrick always begins his letters to me with—Dear friend.

Sid. But why will you not raid?

Du-ch. (*Reads*) “I am in a high fever”—A fever!

Sid. Yes, a favour.

Du-ch. “It is uncertain whether we ever shall meet again in this world.”

Is he indeed so dangerously ill?

Sid. Faith, I expect by the very next post to find myself his unfortunate heir.

Du-ch. (*Reads*) “My brother will deliver this, “to whom I intreat you will transfer the friend-
“ship you have so generously entertained for me,
“and that you will aid him in accomplishing the
“business which he himself will explain. Yours
“eternally, “PATRICK O'DOHERTY.”

Yours eternally!—That's not his phrase!

Sid. Phrase! Why sure would you have a man when he is delirious pick and cull his phrases as they do carnations?

Du-ch. Delirious!—Poor Sir Patrick.—But how delirious? How could a delirious man dictate so connected a letter?

Sid. Drill!

(*Calling.*)

La-fo. Your honour!

Sid. Have you brought in my portmanteau, and all the rest of my luggage?

La-fo. Yes, your honour.

Sid. Then, do you hear, take it all out again.

Du-ch. Sir, I beg!—I entreat!—Upon my soul! Upon my honour, Sir, there is no man on earth I should more respect than—than the brother of Sir Patrick O'Dogherty!

Sid. Aye, indeed, Mr. Du-chefne—then upon my soul, and my honour too, you have an odd way enough of shewing that respect.

La-fo. Must I remove the baggage, Sir?

Du-ch. By no means, Sir, I ask your pardon; believe me, I wou'd lay down my life to serve the brother of my friend.

Sid. Wou'd you, Mr. Du-chefne?—Why then you are a generous fellow, and so give me your hand.—Oh! and if ever you return to old Ireland, and I shou'd happen to be Sir Patrick O'Dogherty, by my soul, Sir, I'll make you so drunk for a month, that you shan't be able to sit, stand, or lie for a fortnight.

Du-ch. I thank you, Sir.

La-fo. And I'll take care of your servant the same way, Sir.

Du-ch. I am equally oblig'd to you—I am no stranger, Sir, to Irish hospitality. And while you remain at Paris, command me, my house, my servants, all that I have.

Sid. Why that now is like the friend of my brother, Sir Patrick. Apropos of Ireland—Pray do you know an Englishman, of the name of Sidney.

Du-ch. Sidney! Sidney!

Sid. Aye, Sidney.

Du-ch. Is he a handsome man?

Sid. Why faith I have been told so—But I will shew you his picture, and then you will see (*Searching his pockets.*) Drill!

La-fo. Your honour!

Sid. (*Still searching.*) You scoundrel—I'll—

Du-ch. Gently, gently, Sir, there may be some mistake!—Have you lost any thing?

Sid. I went into a shop as I pass'd through the Rue St. Honoré, and I recollect I laid it on the

counter, and this brat of Bellona, though he knows what a waike mimory I have——

Du-ch. Be not too rash, Sir. Whathave you lost?

La-fo. Is it the picture, Sir?

Sid. 'Sblood, rascal!

La-fo. I am sure, Sir, you did not leave it in the shop—but as you came away, I saw you pull out your handkerchief, and perhaps you lost it then, for a young woman coming by stoop'd and pick'd up something.

Du-ch. (*producing the picture.*) Is this it, Sir.

Sid. Why how, Mr. Du-chesne, how the devil did you obtain possession of this picture?

Du-ch. By an odd train of accidents sure enough.—'Tis very true, I am too suspicious! Tyrannize over my sister!—terrify my servants! and insult the brother of my friend! (*Turning to Sidney*) Captain O'Dogherty, I am ashamed you should remain so long without refreshment—pray walk this way.

Sid. Which way you will, my good frind. You are commander in chief.

(*Exeunt DU-CHESNE, SIDNEY and LA-FOURBE.*)

Enter PICARD and a POSTMAN.

Pic. Three livres! I am sure 'tis too much.

Postm. And I tell you again 'tis a foreign letter.

(*Exit Postman.*) *Enter LAURETTA.*

Lau. Where is your mistress? Shew me to her immediately.

Pic. No, ma'am, I can't do that, till I have taken this letter to my master.

Lau. Letter!

Pic. Yes.

Lau. Is there an Irish gentleman here?

Pic. Oh yes, he's within.

Lau. Well, give me that letter, and I'll take it to your master.

Pic. No, thank you for that: I have no mind to lose my place, and get my bones broke into the bargain: and for your part, I'll

Lau. He has made his servants as suspicious as himself. *(Aside.)*

Enter ROSALIE.

Rosa. Well, my dear.

Lau. Undone ! Undone !

Rosa. What's the matter ?

Lau. I have just receiv'd a letter from Sir Patrick O'Dogherty, informing me that he is coming to Paris, and that he has written by the same post to your brother: your brother's letter is this moment come, and Picard has taken it to him.

Rosa. What shall we do ?

Lau. Where is Sidney ?

Rosa. Within, with my brother.

Lau. How shall we let him know this disaster ?

Rosa. Have you the letter you receiv'd ?

Lau. Yes.

Rosa. Quick, then; this letter, I see, is a double one; take away the cover, and it may have been written to any body else—convey it to Sidney—if we can accomplish that.

Lau. I understand !—Sidney may pass it off as written to himself, from his brother, Sir Patrick O'Dogherty, and we shall then I think be in little danger. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *A Saloon.*

Enter DU-CHESNE.

(Calling) Picard !—Antoine !—An impostor !—A scoundrel !—My friend, Sir Patrick, is in good health ; and, as he informs me, here, intends to be in Paris within a fortnight—*(Calling)* Antoine !

Enter ANTOINE. Sir !

Du-ch. Run to the Corps du Garde for a serjeant and twelve men.

Ant. Yes, Sir.—

(Exit.)

Du-ch. The picture too !—The bill of lading !—The Scotchman !—The man-milliner !—Every thing !—My suspicions have all been true !—Oh

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. Why, now, do you run away from us, my dear frind?

Du-ch. Call'd out, on particular business—But, do you know, my very good friend, Captain O'Dogherty, that I think you—Hem!

Sid. O yes, Mr. Du-chefne, and I also think you—Hem!

Du-ch. So your brother, Sir Patrick, was in a high fever?

Sid. Faith and he was, when I saw him last.

Du-ch. Well, that now is very surprizing—considering that I can shew you—a letter in his own hand writing (*presenting it,*) in which he informs me he is in very good health.

Sid. And you think that surprizing!—Now I can shew you another litter in his own hand-writing, in which he informs me of the vry same (*presenting another letter.*)

Du-ch. It is his hand! Is this real, or am I under the power of witchcraft to-day?

Sid. Arrah, now, what is the matter wid you, Mr. Du-chefne?

Enter LAURETTA, and ROSALIE.

Lau. (*Aside to Sidney.*) Well!

Sid. Hush! All's safe.

Du-ch. I'll never harbour suspicion more! No, by heaven, never! For even if my suspicions be true, I should in vain oppose so many machinations; and, if false, I expose myself to the most dangerous consequences.

Lau. That Sir was very excellently said.

Du-ch. I know not, Sir, whether you are, or are not, the brother of my friend, Sir Patrick O'Dogherty; but I am determined to believe you such, since you say you are—Sister, you are your own mistress.

Rosa.

Rosa. Now, dear brother, that is spoken like yourself—But, are you sure, brother, that your feverish fits are all past?

Du-ch. Oh yes!—I'm perfectly cur'd!—Marry whom you will, when you will, or not at all—Please yourself and you please me.

Rosa. Marry whom I please!

Du-ch. Whom you please.

Rosa. Seriously.

Du-ch. Positively—I'll never more torment either myself or you.

Rosa. Why then, Mr. Captain, otherwise Mr. Sidney, I think you may venture to appear in—
(*Sidney stripping off his patches and whiskers*) in propria persona.

Du-ch. (*Surprized.*) What, then!—

Lau. Nay, I hope there's no danger of a relapse.

Du-ch. No, no—But pray, Sir who are you?

Rosa. A man of family and fortune.

Sid. And a most sincere admirer of your sister, Sir.

Du-ch. Well, I take it for granted you are so—and, to say the truth, I begin to admire you myself; for you have imposed upon me, tho' I doubled all the precaution which habit had already made natural to me.—I will enquire further when my mind is cool, but with a full determination, after embroiling myself to no purpose with masons, men-milliners, Scotch-peddars and Irish Captains—never more to be suspicious. (*Exeunt Omnes.*)



F I N I S.